THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"*Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*"—JESUS CHRIST.

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ECHO AND WEBER CANONS AND SALT LAKE VALLEY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 21.—Just behind Wasatch, Echo Cañon commences. The first temporary track made a zigzag in order to drop into it; but the new track, by means of deep cuttings, embankments, and trestle-work, is carried down on a grade not exceeding 64 feet to the mile. The Cañon is at first a barren ravine, with steep slopes; little by little the red rock begins to show at the corners, on the north side, and as the bed falls these masses of rock become higher and bolder, until they form a series of the grandest parapets and towers. There is usually an open "prospect car" attached to the train at Wasatch, in order that travellers may have an unimpeded view of the scenery: but, as the clouds threatened rain, we did not have this advantage. I remained on the platform, however, and saw as much as was possible.

At Castle Rock, which is a great, pinnacled mass, some 500 feet in height, the most lofty and picturesque formations commence. The northern side of the cañon is continually cut by lateral ravines, which split the rocky wall into a thousand shapes—pyramids, spires, arches, and sheer forelands, which sometimes hang a thousand feet over the track. It is a succession of suprises. The spectator is too near, and passes too rapidly, to fnlly feel the magnitude and variety of the forms; hence it is difficult to make a comparison between this and other celebrated passes. It is not as awful and threatening as either the Via Mala, or the gorge of Gondo, among the Alps, and the impediments which the railroad has overcome are nowhere serious. Its great charm is that of constant and astonishing change.

After 16 miles of this inspiring scenery we reach Echo City, at the junction of the cañon with Weber Valley. Here we have descended to an elevation of 5,540 feet. The valley, a mile or two broad, extends to the southward between parallel sandy ranges of the Wasatch, and a pile of loftier snow, far away, fills up the vista. It is like a vale of Switzerland, and the scattered houses and green fields of the Mormons, which are first seen at this point, complete the resemblance. It is a great delight to the eye to see once more the vivid emerald of wheat, the light green of cottonwood groves, the white blossoms of box-elder, and the gay patches of lupins, wild sunflowers and larkspurs on all sides. Echo City is a lively place of 1,000 inhabitants. Looking up the valley, we see other villages in the distance,

and are told that the Mormon settlements extend 50 miles further to the southward.

The road now enters Weber Cañon, which it follows for 30 miles, descending about 1,100 feet in that distance. It is only narrow enough at two or three points to be called a "cañon;" for the greater part of the way it is rather an open valley, already made human and cheerful by farming. The little adobie houses of the Mormons, with their young orchards, their patches of irrigated wheat and barley, and their herds cropping the luxuriant wild grass, begin to give life to the rugged scenery. The track through this gorge required considerable labor and expense, but presents no great engineering difficulties. The first object of special interest, after leaving Echo City, is the "Thousand-Mile Tree," a tall, solitary pine, standing beside the road; it is just 1,000 miles from Omaha, and 860 from San Francisco. A little further, on the opposite side of the pass, is the "Devil's Slide"—two parallel walls of vertical rock, only a few feet in thickness and nearly 50 in height, which run up the slope of the mountain from base to summit.

Thundering along, over bridges, through deep cuts, and under the great perpendicular cliffs, we at last reach the Devil's Gate, where the bases of the mountains interlock, and the old stage-road was cut in the face of dangerous precipices, above the roaring waters. The railroad makes a straight cut through a rocky cape, and suddenly emerges into the Valley of Salt Lake. The Wasatch Mountains fall back on either hand and form a snow-capped semi-circle behind us; other ranges, beyond the lake (which is still invisible), appear in front, seventy to a hundred miles distant; and we presently find ourselves upon a broad, verdant plain, with the houses and gardens of Ogden before us.

The descent to *only* 4,200 feet above the sea-level is into full summer. All the trees are covered with foliage, corn and potatoes are out of the ground, roses are blossoming and strawberries are ripe. Ogden is the present junction of the Union and Central Pacific Roads, and the passengers—except those in the "hotel trains"—change cars. Thus far the Atlantic interests have been predominant, in newspapers, money and manners; but now there is a mixture of the Pacific element. You hear the occasional jingle of silver, find the Sacramento and San Francisco papers, enjoy fresh California salmon, and hear people talking of White Pine, Idaho, Washoe and San Diego.

The westward-bound travellers rush to secure good berths in the yellow Central cars; then having an hour or two to spare, they take supper in the eating-house attached to the station. At the offices of the two roads, all is bustle and confusion; baggage and mails are transferred, a crowd of bewildered individuals are set in the right path, and finally the new train moves away for the Humboldt River and the Sierra Nevada. A dozen or more, of whom I am one, take tickets for Salt Lake City, and get into a new, neat car, labelled "Utah Central R. R." We first back up to the town of Ogden, which is about half a mile off, lying near the base of a magnificent sweep of mountains. The place was founded twenty years ago by the Mormons, and has, even now, but a small Gentile population. It has a hotel and newspaper, and is beginning to thrive on the overland travel.

There is to be a new railroad station, I understand, a few miles to the westward. One or both the companies intend erecting a grand hotel, with gardens, stables, boats on Salt Lake, and all other luxuries which summer idlers demand. This is certainly the finest location on the whole route for such a purpose.

As we moved southward from Ogden, heading for Salt Lake City, 36 miles distant, I threw open the window and watched the features of the wonderful valley. The scenery was entirely changed since leaving Weber Cañon. I could think of nothing but the interior of Asia Minor, of those great table-lands of Cappadocia, where there are salt lakes, alkaline incrustations, detached snowy ranges and irrigated harvests, as here. Westward, the lake shone in the light of the evening sun; Fremont and Antelope Islands, with their mountain-peaks,

broke the glassy expanse; the distance was filled with snowy peaks, and all the vast landscape seemed lonely and lifeless in its grandeur.

On the other side, however, there was an unbroken belt of settlement. The sides of the Wasatch Mountains were barren, but their bases were clothed with fields, and every stream that issued from the cloven ravines was made to give wealth to a broad stretch of soil. There were several villages, so spread out by the circumstance that each house has its own little garden and orchard, that they seemed amazingly large. The adobe dwellings, with their soft gray color, looked neat and pleasant, and the agriculture was the most thorough and careful I had seen since crossing the Alleghanies.

The plague of grasshoppers, however, is now upon the land. The railroad tracks, the platforms and buildings at Ogden are covered with myriads of these insects, and many of the wheat fields are already as bare as if nothing had ever been sown. For years the Mormons have fought this enemy, but it seems almost impossible to devise an effectual remedy. The last suggestion is to drive a dense flock of sheep over the ground, and trample the swarms into the earth. The harvests this year will be nearly a total failure, in many parts of Utah. It is mournful to see how the industry, the patience, and thrift of the people are turned to nought by this scourge.

At sunset we pass the south-eastern corner of Salt Lake, the railroad track running for a short distance beside the water. The light evening breeze makes no ripple on the heavy fluid, which stretches far away, with a clear, metallic lustre. The lake is constantly increasing in size, having risen fourteen feet during the last nine years. Whether this is due to the greater rain-fall accompanying the cultivation of the earth, or is a periodic occurrence, as some of the old Indians say, cannot yet be ascertained.

The Western Mountains rise dark against the sunset sky, and a line of bushes on the plain marks the course of the Jordan. The belt of farming land grows broader, the orchards increase in size and luxuriance; and, as a corner of the Wasatch range is turned, we see a dark zone of foliage ahead, above which rise white towers and fronts of buildings. Is it not Iconium? or Brousa, at the foot of the Bithynian Olympus? At a little distance, the scene is quite Asiatic; one looks involuntarily for camels, flowing garments, and turbaned heads. There are no suburban shanties; the country gradually densifies into the city, carrying its orchards and gardens with it, and down every street rush mountain streams as abundant and impetuous as those of Abana and Pharpar.

Before reaching the station you buy an omnibus ticket and give up your baggage-checks, as in the East. There has been rain, and the dust is laid. The street, a hundred feet broad, is cool, shaded with luxuriant cotton-woods, and musical with the sound of water. You barely notice the roof of the Mormon Tabernacle, lying like a mammoth pumpkin among the green, when the omnibus stops at the Townsend House. Here there are excellent quarters, in spite of polygamy. I didn't dare to ask which wife has charge of the dining-room, but when I sat down to a supper of trout, with admirable bread, butter, and vegetables, I could not withhold my hearty respect for her, though she be the seventeenth. I wish I could find such Mormon meals all through the Western States! There is no bar in the house, and the guests don't seem to miss it; everything is neat, quiet, orderly. Really, after five hundred miles of wilderness, this is an oasis no less welcome than surprising.—*New York Tribune.*

INDIAN CHIEFS IN WASHINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 438.]

On June 11 another council was held in the Indian Bureau, to which the Indians went reluctantly, and only at the earnest persuasion of the inter-

preter, agent, and traders. Secretary Cox said he was very sorry to hear that Red Cloud and his people had not understood the treaty of 1867. He then explained the provisions of the treaty. As Red Cloud and his band were unwilling to go on the reservation, they might live on the head waters of the Big Cheyenne river, north-east of Fort Fetterman, outside the reservation, but within the reserved hunting ground, and they could have their agents there, and the Government would give them cattle, food, and clothing. He would write down the names of the men they wanted for their agents.

Red Cloud seated himself on the floor and said—

"What I said to the Great Father, the President, is now in my mind. I have only a few words to add this morning. I have become tired of speaking. Yesterday, when I saw the treaty and all the false things in it, I was mad. I suppose it made you the same. The Secretary explained it this morning and now I am pleased. As to the goods you talked about, I want what is due and belongs to me. The red people were raised with the bow and arrow and are all of one nation, but the whites, who are educated and civilized, swindled me, and I am not hard to swindle, because I do not know how to read and write. We have thirty-two nations, and have a council house, the same as you have. We held a council before we came here, and the demands I have made upon you from the chiefs I left behind me are all alike. You whites have a chief you go by, but all the chief I go by is God Almighty. When He tells me anything that is for the best I always go by His guidance. The whites think the Great Spirit has nothing to do with us, but He has. After fooling with us and taking away our property they will have to suffer for it hereafter. The Great Spirit is now looking at us, and we now offer Him our prayers. When we had a talk at the mouth of Horse Creek in 1852, you made a chief of Conquering Bear and then destroyed him, and since then we have had no chief. You white people did the same to your great chief. You killed one of our great fathers. The Great Spirit makes us suffer for our wrong doing. You promised us many things, but you never performed them. You take away everything. Even if you live forty or fifty years in this world and then die, you cannot take all your goods with you. The Great Spirit will not make me suffer because I am ignorant. He will put me in a place where I will be better off than in this world. The Great Spirit raised me naked and gave me no arms. Look at me. This is the way I was raised. White men say we are bad—we are murderers; but I cannot see it. We gave up our lands whenever the whites came into our country. Tell the Great Father I am poor. In earlier years when I had plenty of game I could make a living. I gave land away, but I am too poor for that now. I want something for my land. I want to receive some pay for the lands where you have made railroads. My father has a great many children out West with no ears, brains or heart. You have the names to the treaty of persons professing to be chiefs, but I am chief of that nation. Look at me. My hair is straight; I was free born on this land. An interpreter who signed the treaty has curly hair. He is no man. I will see him hereafter. I know I have been wronged. The words of my Great Father never reach me and mine never reach him. There are too many streams between us. The Great Spirit has raised me on wild game. I know he has left enough to support my children for a while. You have stolen Denver from me. You never gave me anything for it. Some of our people went there to engage in farming, and you sent your white children and scattered them all away. Now I have only two mounds left, and I want them for myself and people. There is treasure in them. You have stolen mounds containing gold. I have for many years lived with the men I want for my superintendent, agent and traders, and am well acquainted with them. I know they are men of justice; they do what is right. If you appoint them and any blame comes it will not be on you, but on me. I would be willing to let you go upon our land when the time comes,

but that would not be until after the game is gone. I do not ask my Great Father to give me anything. I came naked and will go away naked. I want you to tell my Great Father I have no further business. I want you to put me on a straight line. I want to stop in St. Louis to see Robert Campbell, an old friend."

Red Cloud then pointed to a lady in the room, saying—

"Look at that woman; she was captured by Silver Horn's party. I wish you to pay her what her captors owe her. I am a man true to what I say, and want to keep my promise. The Indians robbed that lady there, and through your influence I want her to be paid."

Secretary Cox said the land was to be paid for in cattle, agricultural implements, seeds, houses, blacksmith shops, teachers, food and clothing. One day would be spent in New York to buy presents.

Red Cloud replied—

"I do not want to go that way. I want a straight line. I have seen enough of towns. There are plenty of stores between here and my home, and there is no occasion to go out of the way to buy goods. I have no business in New York. I want to go back the way I came. The whites are the same everywhere. I see them every day. As to the improvement of the red men, I want to send them here, delegates to Congress."

Senator Morrill, of Maine, and Delegate Hooper, of Utah, visited Red Cloud June 11. Red Cloud told them he had received much kindness from the big white chiefs, but he could not forget his own people. He was sent to care for their interests, and he thought of them, sleeping and waking, for they were on his heart. Fort Fetterman was a curse to his people, and brought nothing but mischief into his country by whiskey drinking, abusing of squaws and other bad work. He hoped there would be no war, and there would be none, if the whites waited for the Sioux to begin it.

Senator Morrill said the Indians had been abused and neglected, but the President, Congress, and the people were disposed to deal justly with them. They had many friends in the North.

Delegate Hooper, in complimenting the Sioux, said that his people, the Mormons, had crossed and re-crossed the plains for the last twenty-two years through the Sioux country—with their women and children, cattle and goods, and they had never lost a life, not an animal nor a bale of goods, until the railroad was built.

Red Cloud answered that the Mormons had always talked straight and dealt fairly with his people.

Red Cloud had another interview with Secretary Cox and Commissioner Parker June 13. Several of the other chiefs delayed attending, being dissatisfied with former proceedings, but they were induced to enter the room. Red Cloud spoke as follows—

"FATHER—I have come to bid you good-by. I want an answer to my request for the men I have named for my agents and traders. I do not want strange men. I also ask for seventeen horses to take us back home from the railroad. Before you sent troops to my country you never had any trouble. I ask you whether I did any damage to those who passed through my country. I divided with them what I had, put moccasins on their feet and made them presents of horses. Listen to me. All of you seem to be against us. The men you send out to my country always make war, and all they want is to make money by destroying us. I do not want any military men for my agents or superintendents. I would rather have other men. You send out men who are poor, who may fill their pockets. These I do not want. I intend to make a speech in New York."

Secretary Cox said he was not prepared to name the traders or agents, but they would not send thieves if they knew it, and if any agent or trader cheated them he would be removed and punished. Fort Fetterman was south of the Platte river and could not be removed now. It protected the Indians as well as the whites. Soldiers sometimes made mischief, but if they were removed there would be more trouble than ever. They were there to keep both sides peaceable. General Smith would have money to buy presents on the way, but he had not yet got the 17 horses. If they

were peaceable, more presents would be given. They would remember all they had said in council.

Red Cloud replied—

"I know you will remember what I have said, for you have good memories. If I had not been for peace I should not have come to my Great Father's house. Tell your children to keep the peace. I do not say to my Father, 'Go to my country and scare the game away.' Tell him to keep his people away. I will not do wrong. If you had kept your people across the Platte you never would have had any trouble. You have your land fenced in and do not want us to come on it. We have our land fenced in and do not want you to intrude on us. All nations are around us. I do not want to make war with the Great Father. I want to show I go away peaceably. I want to raise my children on my land, and therefore I want my Great Father to keep his children away from me. I was never raised by my father on horses. The Mexicans showed me how to ride them. I want good horses, the same as you gave to Spotted Tail. I am not mad with you. I have got a better heart. I am going home. If you will not give me horses, very well. God Almighty raised me naked. I am much pleased with your offer to give me presents, but I do not want any."

Spotted Tail and his fellow chiefs received from President Grant $100 each in presents, which they took out in the shape of combs, brushes, umbrellas, blankets, beads, etc. Swift Bear wanted to take a dozen umbrellas, but was dissuaded therefrom. Spotted Tail and band visited Philadelphia and New York, and started for their homes in the west June 13, tired of civilization and anxious to get back to their hunting grounds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S VIEWS ON SOCIAL MATTERS.

Salt Lake City, April 17, 1870.

Mr. Editor. — Sir, I have been through years of experience in polygamy, and see fit to offer a few of my reflections on the culminations of the present.

"Comparisons are odious," so are many things that humanity is forced to witness in life's experience—offensive sights, grievous sensations and painful traditions, that oft-times bow the body to faintness and utter prostration.

Our Savior entered into the fulness of a comprehension of this when the pores of his person sweat blood; and veteran men and women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints know something of it to-day, who witness the movements respecting this people.

Men who have talent, energy and power to command wealth, respect and honor, in any civilized portion of the globe, were, years since, convinced that there was the whole, entire truth, elements of salvation, honor, riches, life immortal, increase and dominion without limit, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, secured to man by the atonement of his blood on Calvary, and have rent asunder and forsaken all the loved and the cherished, that would not follow them to the embrace of this Gospel, and have traversed seas and lands to testify of its truth; given their means, wealth, and talent, like water poured upon the ground, to gather the down-trodden and oppressed, assuming cheerfully a perpetual "pocket tax" for the accomplishment of their emigration, an emigration that is considered a model by the parliament of England and sought to be copied after in America.

For this Gospel they have abnegated self, families, property, peaceful, beautiful homes, leisure, luxuries, the concomitants of the little-souled, one-horse arrangements of monogamy, and stood out men, daring "free-thinkers," and actors, too, believing, if God's first commandment, "to multiply and replenish the earth," applied to one woman, it did to all. Permeated with the spirit of the Gospel,

inspired of God, their whole natures were shocked with the realization of the associations of the men and women of the age. "How alter this?" was an inquiry which sprang spontaneously from the hearts of thousands of Saints. Humbly they sought God's word and policy, as exemplified when men and women were guided by inspiration. Who in the illustrious lines of the past shone brightly in the favor of the Lord? Whom has God acknowledged? Who, according to Christians', not "Mormons'" verdicts, are accounted worthy as a pattern, carefully gleaning from Adam through the world's examples? Abraham, Isaac and Jacob touched the spirits of these men. Abraham, in the past ages, made alive by the spiritual telegraphy in the touching and sublime account of Lazarus' resurrection; "Abraham's bosom," a place of rest for the righteous; Christ's mortal consanguinity, running back to Obed, coming through a polygamic lineage; the honor of God to Solomon, the last son of a noted polygamous family; the purity of the past, when men, women and children, who believed in polygamy, were compelled by law to stone a person to death for adultery, compared with the status of to-day, roused these veteran Latter-day Saints to action. Action in fervent prayer and faith, revelation came; plural marriage, an outburst from the heavens as God's policy wholly as a purifier, preserver of health and virtue, an extender of life, drying up the rottenness, fast changing the years of patriarchal life to a mere unit, emasculating humanity to an extent that only a question of how far rushing this fast age of ours would go in prostitution, infanticide, etc., before man, God's son, would be emasculated wholly. These men, acting on the highest and most holy examples (not against any commandment of God), espoused polygamy as religion and a religious duty, experimenting practically where others blindedly experimented philosophically. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Two hundred thousand people hissed and persecuted, planted in a desert, every provocative from poverty, every temptation from outside elements, offered to their wives and daughters! The world acknowledges them the most moral people on the civilized earth, freest from the deadly leprosy of the age. These veteran men obeyed God, faced a world of obloquy, sacrificed millions of money, gave up loved homes, fruitful farms, cities, towns, and a county in Illinois, pioneered a wilderness thirteen hundred miles, marking their entire journey with the burial of their loved and cherished, by hundreds, dying, dying daily. Memories tender and hallowed, of old States' homes and childhood's associations, giving heart-stabs to burdens almost unendurable. They settled in Autumn, in the Sahara of America. They present to the world to-day, Utah as she is—made from the material she has been made of—in a great degree from the poor employes of despotic lands, ignorant (i.e.) measurably of the science of philosophy and infidelity of the age.

Most respectfully, &c.,

A MORMON WOMAN IN POLYGAMY.

—*Deseret News.*

Lord Macaulay said that no English writer of prose ever touches the hearts of his readers until he has acquired an intimate acquaintance with the matchless phraseology of the Old Testament.

Beyond attending to our own business, which is important enough, the times seem quite ripe for us all to attend to other people's business. Complaints reach us from all quarters, in letters from our own correspondents, letters in the papers, speeches at public meetings, and reports of proceedings in the police courts, of a very general depravity of manners in almost all classes. The paper which boasts of having the largest circulation in the world has opened its columns to a series of letters from various quarters, begging for Vigilance Committees to protect ladies travelling alone. Its readers are asked to interfere, and to administer a sound correction to persons who address young women with insolent speeches and improper proposals. "What I want to see," writes one gentleman, "is for some one who is a man to give these ruffians a good thrashing." There would be work enough for most of us to do were we to look after all the evil-doers in the island.—"Family Herald."

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1870.

DEPARTURES.—A company of 269 souls of the Saints, 87 of them from the Swiss and German Mission, and the rest from this country, left this port, on the steamship *Manhattan*, Captain Forsyth, July 13, for New York, on their way to the Territory of Utah. In addition to that number, and on the same vessel, were the following returning missionaries—Elders Karl G. Maeser, Lewis W. Shurtliff, Winslow Farr, Josiah M. Ferrin, Nephi Pratt, Geo. H. Knowlden, Howard O. Spencer, Thomas Richardson, Joseph S. Richards, Levi Garrett, John Tuddenham, Samuel M. Price, Wm. H. Pidcock, H. B. Clemons, Thomas Rodgers, Charles Shumway, jun., and Lewis M. Grant. Elder Maeser presided over the company.

These Elders have been laboring faithfully in the European Mission during periods ranging from nearly one to about three years, Elders Maeser and Grant in the Swiss and German portion of the vineyard, and the other Elders in this country. According to their faithfulness they return with joy and with the blessing of the Lord and the Saints upon their heads. The Elders and the whole company left in excellent spirits, with the hope and prospect of a speedy arrival at their much cherished mountain home. We wish them a safe and pleasant passage.

President Joseph Young and his son Elder Seymour B. visited the company on board, immediately before the departure of the vessel. Elder H. G. Snell accompanied the Swiss and German Saints to this port. President Joseph Young and son left Liverpool, July 15, for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Elder Snell left, July 16, to return to Basel, via Grimsby and Rotterdam.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We have on hand a number of letters from the Elders, which we shall take the first opportunity to publish. We are always gratified to receive correspondence from the Elders, respecting the interests of the work in their various fields of labor, and we ever take pleasure in giving their letters the best showing that we can in the pages of the STAR.

ARRIVALS.—Elder Richard (not Robert, as erroneously stated in the STAR, No. 26, June 28) Smyth left New York, July 6, on the steamship *Idaho*, and arrived at Liverpool July 17, after a very pleasant passage. He is on a mission to this country.

Elder Jesse N. Smith and other returning missionaries, with a company of Saints from Scandinavia, arrived at Liverpool to-day, to take passage on the steamship *Minnesota* to-morrow.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elders David Brinton has been appointed to preside over the Manchester, and Stephen Taylor over the Cheltenham Conferences.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Rennes, July 4, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—I take the liberty to write to you as the President of the European Mission, and the successor of President Carrington, whom I saw at Liverpool. I am in good health and spirits, but I am alone in the midst of a people perverted and corrupted in regard to the principles of the Gospel. My desire is to remain faithful until the end, and to be gathered some day with the people of God in the peaceful valleys of the mountains of Utah.

I think the French people are losing confidence in their priests. They have had prayers for nine days in every church in the town for rain to come, but without success. Two weeks ago they had a grand procession, in which were the archbishop and all the priests of the town. A wax figure of a bishop, long since dead, is kept in a gilt box with a glass case in the cathedral. This was carried out in many of the streets of the town, for the rain to come. Everybody expected rain the same evening, but there has been none at all yet, the wax man had no power to cause the rain to fall. I suppose he is too old. This town contains 49,231 inhabitants, most of whom were at the procession. The people now are all puzzled, and even the priests do not know what to think, nor say, nor do about it. They say they never saw such a thing before. If liberty of conscience was enjoyed here, I would say to them, the only way to do is for the people to repent of their sins and obey the laws of heaven, and begin with the priests first. But such is not the case. If a man were to do so here, he would soon see the inside of the gaol. But if I had no business demanding my attention, I would not care about passing a few days in gaol for the Gospel's sake and for telling them the truth. Yet I obey the counsel of Elder John Taylor, which he gave in the Tabernacle, Great Salt Lake City, August 28, 1852, in these words—"I should recommend you strictly to obey all police regulations and never interfere with any national, civil, or police institutions or regulations." I suppose that is to be obeyed now.

May the Lord our God open a wide door in the French nation for the preaching of the Gospel, and I pray Him to hasten the day when liberty of conscience will be granted to everybody, that our Elders may come by dozens, and I should like to see the day. The people here are kept like slaves under the yoke of the priests, and led by them in false doctrine, like lambs to the slaughter.

My respects to sister Eldredge and all in the Office.

I remain your humble brother in the Gospel of Christ Jesus,

WM. LEFEUVRE, sen.

ENGLAND.

Devonport, July 1, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—I am very thankful to inform you that through the kindness and mercy of God I am in the enjoyment of good health, and am rejoicing in my labors and in the comforting and enlightening influences of the spirit of the Gospel. So are the Saints in general in this Land's-end portion of the Bristol Conference, and, so far as I am acquainted, it is the same throughout the Conference. The Saints are very poor, with very few exceptions, throughout this part, and some are without work and can scarcely get bread to eat. They are earnestly desiring to be delivered from this modern Babel. A very few will get out this season. In the midst of their poverty and want, they are very kind to me, and they administer from their last pittance. I pray God to bless and reward them, also to deliver His poor people in His own due time, provide for their wants, and give them patience to endure until deliverance comes.

The Gospel is very unpopular in this region. In some parts many are believing, but none are obeying. I think a few will yet come forth, for such are the prospects. Yet I am not weary, for the Lord gives me much

of His good Spirit, and enables me to warn faithfully those few that come under the sound of my voice, and God has not sent me to make them believe. I bear my testimony as often as I have an opportunity, and then leave the event with Him. The testimonies of God's servants will leave the people without excuse, and the predictions of the Prophets will be fulfilled in the overthrow and destruction of the wicked.

May the blessings of God be multiplied upon all my brethren in the holy Priesthood in all their fields of labor, may they possess much of the spirit of testimony, that all their labors may be accepted, and may He abundantly qualify you to preside over this important Mission with much satisfaction and joy.

With kind regards to all who assist you in the Office, I am your brother in the truth and kingdom of God,

JOHN ALBISTON.

Glamorgan Conference, July 3, 1807.
President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—Since I arrived here, June 1, I have travelled through the Conference. Elder Nephi Pratt has been very successful in his labors here, and has done a good work in the kingdom of God for the redemption of Israel. I found the Saints in general enjoying the Spirit of truth and doing their duty to the best of their ability. They receive the Elders everywhere with unbounded kindness and affection. God bless them with life everlasting.

Brother N. Pratt came here young and inexperienced, but through constant prayer and humility before the Lord he has been filled with the light of truth and his tongue has been loosed to preach the Gospel and to instruct the Saints. His unassuming and affable manner has won the confidence of the Saints, and they sorely regret having to part with him. President T. Howells is taking hold of the Conference with a will. The world are very heedless of the truth and slow to come to hear the Gospel.

My kind love to you and all in the Office.

Yours in the Gospel,

ELIEZER EDWARDS.

Nottingham, July 4, 1870.
President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—Having now labored in Nottingham Conference for over a year, and being on the eve of a move to my new field, I wish to express my feelings for the blessings I have enjoyed and the experience I have gained while here, doing what I could to promote the interests of God's kingdom on the earth. I never enjoyed myself so much or felt so well satisfied with my calling, as while on this mission. I have learned here to trust in that God whose power is supreme, whose world this is and the fulness thereof, and I have been thrown in positions, many a time and oft, where I was compelled to trust in Him alone, as I was in a strange land, among strangers, travelling without purse or scrip. It made me often think of the words of Jesus, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," but I had no place to lay my head until God softened the heart of some one to take me in and provide for my wants. I have had such convincing proof that God does live and has the power and will to bless and sustain those who put their trust in Him, that I cannot doubt. In me the Lord has taken one of the weak things of the earth to preach His Gospel, and by the blessing of His Holy Spirit I have been able to confound the wise and mighty, for when I have stood up in the name of Jesus to speak to a congregation, feeling weak and helpless of myself, by the kind assistance of my heavenly Father my tongue has been loosed in defence of the glorious principles revealed from heaven, for it seems as if the fountains of knowledge have been opened for me to select such truths as would be necessary to substantiate the Gospel of Christ beyond a doubt, and the joy and happiness I experience when I sit down, knowing that God has listened to my prayers and recognized me as His servant and child upon the earth, more than a thousand times repay me for every care, trial, and hardship I have to endure so far from loved ones in the Zion of our God, blessed Utah. The people here have gained my love, friendship and prayers. How I long to see them all peaceably settled in the land that God

has given to His Saints, but it is His work to bear off His kingdom triumphantly and reward every one as he deserves.

The Saints in these lands have a deal to put up with. Scarcity of work, low wages, long days, high prices for some articles of food—all tend to make their burden heavy. Were it not for this, there might not be that *intense* desire to go to Zion, where every man can sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make afraid. Were it not for this, then would the pleasures, joys, and comforts of "home" be unappreciated.

Blessed is he who can so control his will as to make it perfectly subservient to the will and pleasure of our heavenly Father, because in him are the seeds of immortal life. Blessed is he whose time and abilities are employed in promoting the interests of God, for he shall receive a crown of glory, brighter than the noon-day sun, whose brightness shall never fade.

President Joseph Young and his son Seymour met the Saints in our chapel on Sunday, and gave them a feast from the Lord's storehouse. The Saints here were delighted with their visit, and they express the greatest feeling of affection for them. Their prayers ascend to God to prosper them on their way, and return them safe to their mountain home. Never before has God's goodness been so manifest to me, and never before had I greater desire to serve that Father who has been so kind to me. O that we may continue faithful, ever basking in the light of the Gospel, so that when the Holy One of Israel comes suddenly to his temple we may be prepared to meet him, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Yours faithfully,

GEO. W. GROO.

Norwich, July 5, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—I gladly embrace the present opportunity to let you know that I am here in Norwich, having arrived here yesterday morning, ready and willing to do, in my weak way, whatever may be required of me. I feel my weaknesses, I am nothing but an ignorant boy. Nevertheless, whatever God sees for me to do, through His servants, that I shall try to do. I know that God has established His kingdom upon the earth, never more to be thrown down. I am determined to live my religion, to the best of my knowledge, for it is Mormonism or nothing with me. I feel well, never better in my life. This is truly a high school for me, and I feel very thankful that I was counted worthy to come on this mission. The short experience that I have already gained is worth more to me than all the gold and silver in England.

Brothers Knowlton, Barber, and Nealen join in kind love to yourself and all in the Office.

Ever praying God to bless you with the spirit and power of your high and holy calling, I remain yours, &c.,

GEO. O. NOBLE.

Pendleton, July 11, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—We had a District Meeting in Manchester July 10. At 10.30 a.m., after singing and prayer, the Branches of the First District were represented by the Presidents of the same, who for the most part reported favorably, but all having a few who are dilatory in regard to their duties as Latter-day Saints.

In the absence of three of the Presidents of the most distant Branches—Mellor, Macclesfield, and Burslem, those places were represented by Pres. W. W. Taylor.

The meeting in the morning was moderately attended, but in the afternoon and evening the room was filled, a number of strangers being present. In the afternoon Elder O. Snow bore testimony to the truth of the latter-day work. He was followed by Elder D. Brinton, upon the great plan of salvation. In the evening Elder J. M. Ferrin spoke upon the first principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and Elder W. W. Taylor bore testimony to the truth of the work of God and the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

The Saints felt well, the instructions were good and timely, and we enjoyed much of the good Spirit of God.

Brothers Brinton and Snow join me in kind regards.

Your brother in the Gospel,

W. W. TAYLOR.

London, July 12, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—Having been released to return home, I feel it a duty to give a short sketch of my labors while in this Mission.

At the April Conference, 1867, in connection with many others, I was called to take a mission to Europe. I left Salt Lake City May 17, and after a long journey by ox and mule teams across the Plains, I took train for New York, and thence proceeded to Liverpool on the steamship *Manhattan*, where we arrived July 26.

Pres. F. D. Richards met us at the landing, and after a day's rest I was appointed a Travelling Elder in the Nottingham Conference, where my labors were continued until August, 1869, when Pres. Carrington appointed me to preside over the London Conference, where I have labored in connection with my brethren there until the present, with much joy and satisfaction.

Allow me through this communication to thank Presidents F. D. Richards and A. Carrington and yourself for their and your kind and fatherly counsel to me, also all the Saints for their many acts of kindness to me while in this foreign country.

The earnest prayer of my heart is that our Father will abundantly bless yourself, all His servants, and all the faithful Saints.

From your brother in the Gospel covenant,

L. W. Shurtliff.

Liverpool, July 12, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—As it has been the custom of the Elders before leaving Europe's shore to give a brief sketch of their missions to these lands, I may say that in April, 1868, at a Conference held in Salt Lake City, I was called to go on a mission to Europe, or the British Isles. In response to that call, and in company with Elder J. M. Ferrin, I left Ogden in June and joined Capt. Loveland's mule train, bound eastward for the emigrating Saints.

We arrived at Laramie City in July, then the terminus of the railroad. We were soon joined by more of the missionaries, and we then took our departure by rail for New York, arriving there safely after a pleasant ride. We went on board the steamer *France*, and arrived in Liverpool July 31, came up to 42 Islington and were kindly received by the brethren in the Office.

Soon after my arrival, I was appointed to labor as Travelling Elder in the Liverpool Conference, under the direction of President M. Ensign. In August, 1869, President Ensign was released to return home, and was succeeded by brother George Romney as President. I continued my labors with brother Romney until October, 1869, when I was appointed to preside over the Kent Conference. In connection with brother George Barton I labored there to the best of my ability to build up the Saints and to forward the interests of the kingdom of God in these lands.

As I soon expect to return to my mountain home, I take this opportunity of bidding the Saints farewell, and thanking them kindly for their kindness unto me since I came to England. I feel to say, may God bless them, preserve them in the truth, and open up their way to be gathered to the peaceful vales of Utah in the due time of the Lord.

I will now conclude, praying God to bless you, brother Eldredge, that you may have joy in your labors in this Mission, and may similar blessings rest upon all your co-laborers in the cause of truth.

Yours in the Gospel covenant,

Winslow Farr.

AT SEA.

S. S. *Manhattan*, Queenstown,
July 14, 1870.
10 a.m.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—Our little company generally are well and in high spirits. As you are aware, we left the Mersey at 11 a.m. yesterday. Brother Karl G. Maeser, President of the company, with L. W. Shurtliff and Lorin Farr his councilors, proceeded at once to organize the company. The following officers were elected—Secretary, G. H. Knowlden; Captain of the Guard, Joseph S. Richards; with Lewis M.

Grant to preside over the German portion of the Saints. Two meetings are held each day, and of two kinds, namely, English and German, the English occupying the forward part of the ship, while the German occupy the middle. All seem to aim to make our journey pleasant, each extending the helping hand whenever necessary for the benefit of all. The returning Elders are all at the table this morning, and many who had various complaints during the last half year are braving the storm and getting fat, our mutual friend Levi not excepted. The Saints appear determined to feed the fishes, if possible. We anticipate the best kind of a time on board, and realize the saying of brother Joseph before leaving us, that we have a through ticket. The weather is calm this morning, and merrily on the way we go.

Wishing a kind remembrance to all the brethren at the Office and all Saints, I remain your brother in the Gospel,

KARL G. MAESER.
per G. H. KNOWLDEN, Sec.

Steamship *Manhattan*, July 13, 1870.
President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—In taking my departure from the British Isles for my mountain home, I feel that a line is due from me through the pages of the STAR, to acknowledge the many kindnesses I have received from the Saints while on my mission to this land, for truly can I say that I have travelled among a good, generous, and warm-hearted people ever since my arrival here, and time I hope will not efface the very many pleasant associations I have formed while travelling among the good Saints of England.

On my arrival, in June 1869, I was appointed to travel in the London Conference, under the direction of Elder Platte L. Lyman, with whom I labored with much pleasure till his departure for the Valley in September last, and afterward under the watch-care of Elder L. W. Shurtliff I labored with increased joy till my appointment to the Presidency of the Southampton Conference in October last. Since then I have endeavored, in my humble way, to spread the principles of truth among the people to the best of my ability, and have had much joy in my labor, and although travelling a good deal and among a poor people, so far as this world's goods are concerned, I have never regretted leaving all that was near and dear on earth to be a minister of life to the people who are in darkness regarding the great truths which have been revealed in these last days for the salvation of the human family. To the wise and fatherly counsels of President Carrington I am much indebted, and for which I feel truly thankful, also to all Saints that have kindly administered to my wants. May the blessings of God rest upon them, and may they have all the happiness and joy their hearts can desire in righteousness.

Thanking you for the courtesies shown me since your arrival, and the brethren in the Office, and with kind regards to all Saints of my acquaintance and all who love the truth, I will say good-bye for the present and remain your brother in the Gospel,

G. H. KNOWLDEN.

Queenstown, 14th, 10 a.m.

We have but little sea-sickness on board. The weather is colder, the Saints are singing and rejoicing all the time, and merrily on the way we go.

G. H. K.

UTAH NEWS.

THE following are from the *Deseret News* to June 29:—

Governor Shaffer returned to Salt Lake City from Illinois June 25.

Agents of tanneries in the States were buying up hides in the Territory.

The Eureka base ball club consider themselves the champions of the Territory.

The *News* seems to take special interest in the Chinese immigration and labor question.

Brother Mark Lindsay brags of his fine early peas, and James Bunting of his fine early potatoes.

Hot weather in Utah, 92° in the shade, June 26, at Salt Lake City, and 112° at St. George, June 25.

President B. Young and party arrived at Salt Lake City, June 24, on their return from their northern trip.

Dead grasshoppers were knee deep on the shores of Salt Lake, and could be "smelt a mile," or half a mile anyhow.

The Porterville, Morgan County, Co-operative Company were delivering bricks in the city at 18 dollars per thousand.

Henry Hall, a boy in the employ of President Wells, was kicked in the breast by a horse and severely bruised June 24.

John Stewart was tried, convicted, and condemned to be shot to death, by the Probate Court of Sanpete, for the murder of the Indian girl, Sally Woodward.

Croxall's band serenaded Bishop John Sharp June 22, complimentary of his return from the Eastern States, June 20. By letter we learn that he had again returned to the States.

Brother Seth M. Blair wrote to Pres Geo. A. Smith from Iron City, June 16. The people were prosperous, good health prevailed, the spring had been dry and cool, 'hoppers there were none.

Monroe and Taysum had been convicted, by the District Court held at Provo, of robbing the southern mails, and sentenced the former to three and the latter to two years in the Penitentiary.

Brother Norman J. Brimhall, of South Cottonwood, has discovered that the way to destroy grasshoppers is to thrash them to death with willow rods. Therefore he that spareth the rod loseth his grain.

Elder Robert L. Campbell, Secretary of the Regency of the Deseret University, had visited the Timpanogas Branch of that institution, and made a very favorable report. A sub-regency had been appointed, with Elder Myron Tanner chairman.

The 16th and 19th Ward schools made an excursion to Ogden and to Lake Side, June 23, the party consisting of 740 persons in nine cars, Beesley's martial band accompanied. Among the excursionists were Messrs. O. Pratt, sen., and J. F. Smith, Bishop Kesler, and Messrs. T. McKean, W. Asper, and H. Grow.

"Amicus" wrote from Farmington, June 16. The Female Relief Society, presided over by sister Sarah J. Holmes, was in a flourishing condition. Prospects of half a crop in Farmington. Most of those interested had donated the portion of land required by the U. C. R. R. for their track and buildings to the Company.

Brother Geo. Farnsworth reported Sanpete County almost entirely stripped of its crops by grasshoppers. Some fields at Ephraim were not cleared off, but the 'hoppers were numerous enough to finish them. In some places in Juab County the crops looked tolerably fair. In Utah County the crops looked well and a fair yield was expected. The pests appeared to be flying westward.

The 12th Ward Sunday school, parents, teachers, and children, about 200 in all, had a grand gala day under the direction of Bishop Hardy at Mark Lindsay's gardens, carriages, wagons, and music being gratuitously supplied. Dancing, swinging, whirligigs, giant striding, bathing, base ball, copenhagen

and other games, cakes, candies, summer drinks and other good things being among the enjoyments.

Elder Isaac W. Pierce wrote from Levan, Juab County, June 15, that the grasshoppers had greatly damaged the small grain crops, but the people were busy replanting, and the pests were on the wing northward. Gardens were damaged but little. The settlers had enlarged their field last spring, having now 1050 acres of good farming land inclosed. The co-operative store, Female Relief Society, and Sunday and day schools were flourishing.

The following are from the *Ogden Junction* to June 22—

Mr. John Beus, while riding a mule, was kicked by a colt, resulting in a broken leg, June 18.

Mr. Joseph Hancock had his left hand cut nearly off, below the wrist, by a saw at Mr. Levi Wheeler's saw-mill, 30 miles north-east of Ogden, June 20. The limb was amputated at the wrist joint.

SCRAPS OF NEWS.

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FRANCE declared war against Prussia, July 15, because the King of Prussia, as King of Prussia, would not guarantee that no member of the house of Hohenzollern should accept the crown of Spain. On the next day Prussian troops had entered France near Luxembourg, occupied Longwy and a neighboring village, and torn up the railroads. France borrowed 500,000,000 francs, provisions in England and France began to rise, and Belgium prepared to protect itself, though assured by both France and Prussia of neutral immunity.——The New York "Tribune" says that Gen. B. F. Shaw, of Dixon, Ill., is among the applicants for the Secretaryship of Utah, and that another man put in his application in less than an hour after Col. Crowe's death. President Grant says he thinks he wont make any change for the present, but leave Mr. Mann in office for a while. The next appointee, however, is to be from Alabama.——Dr. J. P. Newman writes to the New York "Herald" a reply to Elder Orson Pratt's letter, and states that he proposes to visit California in August, stopping en route at Salt Lake City, and while there will either preach a series of sermons on polygamy, or debate the subject.——The Cunard steamship "Russia," on her last voyage, was 8 days 6 hours from New York to Queenstown. The "Scotia," paddlewheel, has also recently made very quick voyages out and in.——In the U. S. Senate, June 11, another call was made for the Cullom Bill, when Mr. Fowler said, "Let that be passed over." The presiding officer said, "The bill will be passed over, objection being made."——Mr. Van Horn introduced a bill in the U. S. House of Representatives, to aid the construction of a narrow guage mountain line of railroad from a point on the Union Pacific Railroad, near Echo City, to the mouth of Cottonwood Canon, Utah; referred.——Footpads are numerous and daring in Virginia and Gold Hill, Nevada.——Hon. E. D. Holbrook, who once insulted and assaulted Hon. W. H. Hooper, was shot and mortally wounded by Charles H. Douglas, in a street brawl at Idaho City.——Mercury up to 106 degrees in New York.——Ellen Storge, in the "Woman's Advocate," Dayton, Ohio, wants marriage to be considered a human, not a divine institution, and that the marriage contract be limited to from one to three years, at the option of the parties.——A bill passed the U. S. House of Representatives, June 16, granting to the Utah Central Railroad Company the right of way for the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Ogden to Salt Lake City.——They have got a "monster" in Harwood Lake, Michigan.——Spotted Tail's wife has died, and he says the visit to Washington was bad medicine.——In the House of Lords, July 12, the Marquis Townshend moved the second reading of the Bill for the extension of the Contagious Diseases Act over London. The Earl of Morley objected, and the Marquis reluctantly withdrew his motion.——The last rail of the Denver Pacific Railroad was laid June 22, the first train arrived at Denver the same evening, and trains commenced running regularly the next day.——A great fire at Stamboul, Constantinople, July 13, burning 1500 houses.——At the Old Bailey sessions, London, Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in sentencing a respectable-looking man for indecently assaulting several lads, remarked that this was a class of offence that had been much more frequent as well as fashionable of late than formerly.